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IRELAND'S POSITION

EXPLAINED AND JUSTIFIED

THE

RED HAND OF ULSTER

BY JAMES J. GAHAN

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To my friends here who in greeting me as a fellow-citizen soon made me forget that I had ever been a stranger the following pages are dedicated by their faithful servant

THE AUTHOR.

Quebec, May, 1873.

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IRELAND'S POSITION

EXPLAINED AND JUSTIFIED

An address delivered in De La Salle Institute, Toronto, January 3rd, 1873.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Ireland is my theme this evening. The study of her history has always been attractive to me. The glories which, like a nimbus, encircled her past; the sufferings she has endured, and the wrongs under which she still labors; her efforts and hopes cast a spell upon my soul, which, like the changings of an April day, drew forth smiles and tears. Her plaintive songs, her inspiriting war-chants filled my every sense. Her ancient heroes seemed to me to be foremost in the domain of chivalry, while her modern defenders appeared fitting reflections of the old. Thus I grew apace from childhood to youthhood. Every day the spell became stronger, and of all things on earth none seemed as dear as Ireland! In every form I loved her. Whether I saw her, depicted by my busy fancy, as the Western Queen, with joyousness on her brow, and gladness in her heart; or in faded, tattered garments, with tear-stained cheeks, her lustre dimmed, and only a phosphorescent glimmer to indicate her existence as Erin of the Streams!

And now in the opening of my manhood, with exile as my portion, my heart often wanders to the land of my birth. Then an inexpressible sense of loneliness seizes me. No voice which caressed my childhood welcomes me at close of day. The old haunts and pastimes are already but honored memories; and thus, facing all the stern realities of exile, dreaming and thinking of home, I have woven a thread which I shall unfold this evening.

The subject, ladies and gentlemen, which I have chosen for your consideration is one of great magnitude. To explain Ireland's position, to justify a nation which has continued a

war of centuries, and which still seems determined to continue its struggles until its aspirations are realized, is a task from which the ablest of men might shrink. Then again, under so many styles has the cause of Ireland been treated, that it would appear as if nothing had been left unsaid to prove its justice. But I hold that it is through that constant, varied repetition of Ireland's case that her name and identity has been preserved. History, particularly in the case of my country, teaches this great lesson to the statesmen of the world, that the native, national sentiment of a people is indestructible, and this very repetition of Ireland's story, the tenacity with which Irishmen cling to their traditions and their hopes of ages conclusively proves it. However, I do not intend by a bare recital of facts to state the case of Ireland. It is my intention rather to portray England's wrongdoing. I charge her government in Ireland with high crimes and misdemeanors. By proving that the record of her past in Ireland has been brutal, and that her present is a failure there, I shall justify the attitude of my country, satisfying the most sceptical that the gouvernment of Ireland by England was never legitimate. is not legitimate, and never can become so. I arraign England before the high court of public opinion; I ask that Impartiality be the judge.

In 1169, the English came to Ireland. Their object was power and plunder. With sword and brand they entered; the sword they used without mercy; they applied the brand without hesitation. In every century since they have shown their hatred of us. Indeed we may say with truth that England's cycle of years in Ireland is easily traced, for it is written in the blood of a noble people. Given that, and history, English history, proves it, I undertake to justify my people, and as the national quarrel still exists, I shall bring my remarks down to the present day. Our position then is this:—Ireland has been blessed by the Creator with all that is necessary for an independent national existence. The theory that Ireland's geographical position is to be taken in part as a justification for England, I regard with contempt. We have distinct boundaries; we have different manners, customs and religious belief; the English came to conquer, but while they subjugated they failed to subdue; we have been willing to be good neighbors to the English, but we have declined to their subjects; we are still willing to be friendly, but we are determined to be free.

How have the English treated us, either as neighbors, or as subjects? Has the English Governement sought to understand the people of Ireland? Have the foreign rulers

ever attempted to conciliate ? As neighbors or as subjects—choose what phrase you will—they have ever treated us with indignity, and they have never tried to understand or to conciliate. For 600 years the majority, in fact almost all the people of Ireland, were thrust outside the Constitution, and every sentiment that we held dear was reviled and struck at. Yet, after that long period of internecine strife, our country was still unsubdued. A stern resistance, and one unequalled in history, was given to the stranger. Precarious, indeed, was the hold of the foreigner upon the people. Obstinate and enduring, the native Irish met the champions of the Red on field and in pass; and when the immortal Green drooped in one quarter, the spirit of Liberty seized it and uplifted it in another. At the close of that long period, during which rapine, confiscation and treachery held sway, England found that the Irish were not beaten! Ireland was still the moral mistress of the position! What, though her banner fell at Kinsale, it rose again at Benburb; and the blood which stained it at the Boyne was washed away by the Shannon! Her name, after that tremendous conflict of ages, still lived! It was not forgotten among the nations! At home,

> "Among the poor or on the moor
> Were hid the pious and the true,
> While traitor knave or recreant slave
> Had riches, rank and retinue;"

but abroad

> "And exiled, in those penal days
> Our banners over Europe blaze."

Still mistress of the position despite a 600 years of expenditure of life and treasure to accomplish her debasement; and then at the voice of Grattan she started into new life, rising in 1782 to the dignity of an independant nation in connection with the English crown. Ireland then had her volunteer army, her flag, and parliament, and the emancipation of the Catholics was all that was needed to ensure her existence as a happy, prosperous nation. In every way baffled and beaten, England then had recourse to a last and desperate effort. It mattered not that the Executive of England declared the settlement of 1782 a final one. With nothing else than Ireland's complete degradation would England be content, and in carrying the Act of Legisiative Union, the ruin of the Irish nation was assured. By that Act our country lost her flag, her senate and national dignity. Of all was she deprived save the true hearts of her ever faithful people. Seventy-two years ago the people of Ireland were in the enjoyment of legislative independence. For eighteen years the Irish Parliament had been free from the

obstructive influence of Poynings' law, and the prosperity of the country astonished the people while it excited the jealousy of Ireland's enemy and rival. That free and independent Ireland, which, like the fabled deity, sprung from the brain of Grattan, would have, in good time, healed all the social evils which had resulted from the strife of centuries. But at the very moment when peace was about to bless our war-worn country, England finished her career of hate and contumely by destroying our national freedom, by taking entire possession of our country and its resources. Through that Act of Union passed in 1800 the English have usurped our sovereign rights, and by force they compel us to submit to laws made by them, either in opposition to, or indifference of, our wishes. We have to pay taxes without our own consent; we have to remunerate officers of Government appointed by them to rule us without any consultation of our desires; we have to pay more than our share of the National debt (if we have any share) as O'Neil Daunt has repeatedly shown; and to add to the iniquity, we have to pay for the £12,000,000 expended in robbing us of our Legislature. In fine, by that Act of Union, we have to resign all the dignities and attributes of a free people. We have to resign our rents, revenues, resources in men and material, the income and property of our country to strangers who care not for our welfare and whose first principle towards us is hate.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, if, instead of Canada, you were living in a country ruled, in this much vaunted age, in such a manner, would you be a loyal and contented people? I am satisfied you would not; and neither are the people in Ireland. The Irish do not possess their country. They only occupy it on sufferance, subject to the whims and caprices of the English Government. These whims and caprices are always inimical to the Irish nation, and therefore it is that the Irish people have resolved to rid themselves of English rule, whims and caprices altogether. In the Home Rule movement now progressing in Ireland, there is no tendency to do wrong to England. The Irish people do not seek to deprive the English of a single right. We seek not their revenues or their rents. We do not want to make laws for them, or to control them in the slightest degree, but we are positive in our demand that they interfere not with us. All we want is Ireland for the Irish; and although the Home Rulers do not seek to dismember the Empire, still if England refuses their moderate demands, the Irish people, confederated all over the world, may be forced to try other than

peaceable means to secure the desired end; and in the present condition of England it is not certain, should such a contingency arise, that she would again succeed in raising the Red over our immortal Green.

The people of England seem to be awakening to a sense of their duty now, but hitherto they have not been contented to live upon their own resources. They have coveted and appropriated, whenever and wherever they could, the properties of other peoples. By keeping Irish monies in their possession, they manage to draw still further tributes from us. They enrich themselves at our heavy loss, and although the soil-produce of England is not sufficient to support two-thirds of her people, still her population is increasing, while Ireland, who could support three times her present population, is losing her able-bodied peasantry and ingenious mechanics every day. Our resources and available means of commerce are as great, if not greater in proportion, than England's, yet the ruling country has possession of the trade of the subject one; and, with the exception of linen, we have no considerable manufactures. If we examine the relation of Ireland towards England in a money point of view, we find that Ireland loses, at least, £20,000,000 annually, with all that would result from the utilization of that sum. All the developments of trade which would be made through such a large amount, are lost to Ireland, and are gained by England. The consequence of this foreign policy in Ireland is, the commercial and industrial decline of the Irish Nation; and as Ireland has stood that drain for seventy-two years, after a war of nearly seven hundred years, we can form an idea of her natural riches; and how prosperous she shall be when the senators of Ireland resume their sittings in the capital of the nation; when the banner of our land shall wave over our freely elected legislators from the grim towers of Dublin Castle.

The material effect of English rule in Ireland, is the decline of that country, and the ruin of her people; but its moral effects are worse when considered by the patriot thinker. Owing to our political subjection there is not a healthy development of Irish genius; the true career of Irish talent is closed, and by its effect it forbids the progress of national art, science and literature. The brain of Ireland is scattered over the world, and while we fill the granaries of strangers our own are left without provision. We endure loss, privation and sorrow thereby: the English secure unrighteous gains, and instead of winning the friendship of a generous race, they earn the hate of a passionate one.

Were English rule in Ireland to be properly understood, it could not stand the indignation of the world; but in addition to their robbery of us, they have built up a system of misrepresentation, peculiarly English, and therefore, peculiarly bad. With Irish money they pay the revilers and calumniators of Ireland. *They* tell us that our soil is poor when *we* know it to be rich. *They* say we have a thriftless population when large and imposing warehouses, built by enterprising Irishmen in happier lands than their own, prove the contrary. *They* say that we are *the* drinking-people, when their own Imperial statistics assure us to the reverse. *They* lift their eyes in *pious* horror of the murdering Irish, when in *civilized* England there were 2,500 murders recorded in 1871, while in Ireland, at the same time, but one or two such crimes occurred. In *their* opinion our water-power is a nothing, while *we* know it is sufficient to move almost all the world's machinery; and to crown all, they tell us that we have no coal, no material wealth of any kind. Of one thing they cannot (because they dare not attempt to) deprive us—they cannot take from us the purity of our women; our mothers, not being Anglo-Saxon fail to murder their offspring, nor can we find females in Ireland who have made large fortunes by "baby-farming."

One of the latest, though by no means novel tricks which the English have resorted to in order to blacken Ireland's cause, is the assertion that the majority of the Irish people seek to establish an Ascendancy in Ireland. They would have the world believe that were Ireland released from British rule the majority would retaliate upon a certain class, the wrongs which that class, under, and supported by English influence, inflicted in former years upon the oppressed majority. That insinuation is false in fact and malicious in design. The Irish people offer the hand of amity to any man who is ready to do justice to Ireland. The Irish know that many of the descendants of those who fought against Ireland at the Boyne declared for Ireland by the Blackwater; and no matter whether his ancestry be Milesian or otherwise, no matter whether in religious ideas we agree or not, be he a Catholic or Protestant, we care not; all we want to know of a fellow country-man is that he is possessed of a hearty devotion to his native land. Some years ago, when the Irish were struggling as they are now to regain their rights, similar falsehoods were circulated by the English press. A young Protestant then expressed the feelings of the Irish people on the matter, and the expression of that time is equally applicable to the present day.

What matter that at different times our fathers won this sod;
What matter that at different shrines we pray to one great God;
In fortune and in fame we're bound by stronger links than steel,
And neither can be safe nor sound, save in the other's weal.
As Nubian mud and Ethiop sand, long drifting down the Nile,
Built up old Egypt's fertile land for many a hundred mile;
So pagan clans to Ireland came, and clans of Christendom,
And joined their wisdom and their fame to build a nation from.
Here came the brown Phœnician, the man of trade and toil;
Here came the proud Milesian, a-hungering for spoil;
And the Firbolg and the Cymry, and the hard contending Dane,
And the Iron lords of Normandy, with the Saxons in their train.
And oh! it were a glorious deed, to show before mankind.
How every race and every creed may be by love combined—
May be combined, yet not forget the fountain whence they rose,
As filled by many a rivulet the stately Shannon flows.

The question practically is not whether certain races and sects of Irishmen shall do wrong to other races and sects of Irishmen; but whether an outside people, who tell us that we are aliens to them, shall be allowed by the Irish people to rule them, rob and misrepresent them, to fetter their energies, retard their development, and thus injure the whole Irish people of all creeds and of all descents. The position of Ireland to-day is not one that would indicate the likelihood of religious ascendancy ever again disgracing the country, and were the Catholic majority in Ireland to injure, by a single action, the civil rights of my Protestant fellow-countrymen, I protest that I would join hands with the minority, and prove to the world that even as I sang the songs of Davis, and revered the memory of Tone, so would I defend to the last the civil and religious liberties of my Protestant fellow-citizens. With Davis we say:

"And let the Orange lily be thy badge, my patriot brother,
The everlasting Green for me, and we for one another."

The efforts of England to maintain bad feeling in this respect will be as unavailing as have been all her former schemes to destroy national sentiment in Ireland. Religious feuds, maintained at our expense, are dying away. We love and revere the memories of patriotic Protestants who labored to redeem Ireland from bondage. Catholic Meath is represented and is honored in being so, by John Martin; and Catholic Limerick glories in her knight, Isaac Butt Not better men did Ireland, at any time, produce than those Irish Protestants whom the Irish Nationalist proposes as models for imitation. Of the patriotic minority in Ireland were Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward, Grattan, Curran, Foster, the Shearses, and in every Irish peasant's hut you may see the portrait of Robert Emmet. John Mitchell, the noble, incorruptible Mitchel, is of that minority, and no man's memory is held in

greater respect in Ireland than Smith O'Brien's. This attempt, therefore, to introduce religion as a lever of disturbance in the consideration of the National question cannot succeed in the present age, and it is a blot upon the past that it ever succeeded.

The record, Ladies and gentlemen, of England's rule in Ireland is an uninterrupted catalague of wrong. View her policy for the last three hundred years ; tear from the very hour in which we live the veil which hides its Mokanna-like hideousness, and you will find that she has spared no effort to destroy or to rob the resources of the Irish people. To this end she made repeated confiscation of the soil, driving away or reducing to extreme poverty the natives of the Island. She sent garrisons of Scotch, Germans and Dutch to root us out of the land. Her slaughters of the population have been as many as her years of occupation. In Elizabeth's, *virgin* Elizabeth's time the country was reduced to a howling wilderness, and under Cromwell the population withered as grass beneath a blighting sun. When the iniquity of 1800 was proposed she improvised a revolution, and the best blood of Ireland crimsoned the hill-tops in '98. From 1800 back to 1169, and from thence till now, crime darkens the very name of England in Ireland. English apologists, like Goldwin Smith, may say " oh that is all past ; we Englishmen of this day can't be held responsible. " Out upon such nonsense, away with such sophistry. The feelings of Ireland's foreign rulers are unchanged, and Mr. Smith knows it. Let the truth be told without fear or favor, and we will see that if the massacre on Kildare green in '98 rivalled the murder of the Chiefs at Mullaghmast, so did the man-created, British-helped famine of 1847, under the reign of Victoria, equal the famine which, under Elizabeth, prevailed in 1599. One who ought to know, Mr D'Israeli, asserted that the present Sovereign of England takes an active part in the government of her dominions. How far the statement of the " descendant of the impenitent thief " may be accepted I know not. But this much I do know. That if the Lady whose virtues have been proclaimed in every tone from the bass to the treble takes an active part in the government, then I blush for female clemency, I blush for womanly mercy, I blush for womanly tenderness. Emmet, Tone and Fitzgerald are of the past ; the martyrs who lately went from their prison to a brighter world are of the present. Are we to turn in loathing from Elizabeth's torture-room and look on complacently while, under Victoria, Rossa is flogged and nameless tortures are inflicted upon Daniel Re ldin. No. England's bad career is not

of the past, and it is because I desire to be just, because I wish to believe as highly of England's present Queen as any man in this Dominion, that I hope her Majesty does not take that active part in public affairs which, if she did, would place her in the list of sovereigns whose sweetest music is the groan of their outraged subjects

England in the past has made good use of the scaffold and dungeon to mantain her supremacy in Ireland. To-day she disdains not the use of the same means to keep Ireland in subjection. In addition to brute force she employed in the past and still employs strategy and wiles. Her policy in Ireland has been Machiavelian, and her government there well unites the character of the lion and the fox. The latter particularly. Still all her arts and oppressions have failed. She has failed to corrupt, failed to enslave, failed to brutalize, failed to Saxonize, because every-where and at all times the spirit of the Irish manifests itself, a spirit which longs for liberty, which is venerable in age and holy in justice, consecrated by repeated martyrdoms and preserved by a thousand memories which, in love, sorrow and hope, have no parallel in the records of nation.

One of the most galling features of English rule in Ireland is that her tyranny is perpetrated there under the semblance of free institutions. Men, like Goldwin Smith, tell the world that the same laws operate in Ireland as in England. We are told we live beneath the blessed protection of the English Constitution, and that England sincerely desires to remedy past abuses. All this is aside from the question. We do not want English remedial measures. But we demand the restoration of our national existance. We are very sceptical upon the point of their sincerity in wishing to remedy the evils which their past, their long, black and bitter past, inflicted upon the Irish nation. But even taking it for granted that such is England's Ministers' sincere desire we deny their power, their ability to remedy our grievances. Every bill which they introduce is, the world is told, to remove an Irish grievance. The Treason-felony bill was introduced, doubtless, to remedy an Irish grievance. Certain people in Ireland were very troublesome to the English Government. These persons thought that Ireland ought to be free. Their thinking so was such a grievanc that the English parliamant passed this Treason-felony bill, so that the brand of felon would be imprinted upon the name of him who dared in the 19th century to proclaim the rights and denounce the wrongs of Ireland. How far that brand of felon is to be taken as a mark of disgrace can best be judged

from the fact that those so branded by England are honored by lovers of liberty everywhere.

The Coercion Bills are introduced to remedy grievances. It is a grievance for an Irish peasant to leave his cabin after nightfall, and so it was necessary that he should be learned the maxim that "early to bed" was best calculated to make him a loyal subject. The Bill to suspend the Habeas Corpus was to remedy Irish grievances by empowering any common policeman to take a man from his family and lock him up during that very indefinable period,—her Majesty's pleasure. All these acts are proposed and kept in operation so that Irish grievances shall be removed, and the Irish are a most ungrateful people, if they do not take hold of their foreign benefactors, clasp them to their bosoms and hug them —like bears—*thiggin tha.* I confess that I had to smile when I read Goldwin Smith's allusion to the "fatal potatoe." If this esculent was fatal to Ireland, why, like all our other grievances, we got it from England. Sir Walter Raleigh, the quondam lover and afterwards the victim of the *virgin* Queen, first introduced the potatoe into Ireland. Mr. Smith, in his late lecture, says the Englishman of the present day has nothing to do with the actions of his fathers. Why then bring the potatoe into the present discussion unless the past bears a powerful impress upon the present. Mr, Smith spoke very highly of William Pitt. I do not deny Mr. Smith's right to think highly of any man. He is welcome to think as highly of Pitt as Mr. Froude is to worship the wife-killing Henry VIII. The Act of Union was proposed by this hero of the Professor's as a remedial measure for Ireland. The arch-minister of England said to the Irish people, "You have prospered under a native parliament. Accept a foreign parliament and your prosperity will amaze. Incorporate the countries, and you incorporate their interests * * * * Consolidate the exchequers and in the periods of distress which await all nations you will experience the munificence of the Empire * * * * You will accompany us in our march and the States that will bend in recognition of our power will admire your wisdom, and be dazzled with your wealth." Such, my friends, was the statement made by Mr. Pitt. Were the interests of the country rendered identical by the measure of Mr. Smith's hero? No. Have we accompanied England in her march to greatness? Yes; but it was as slaves we marched with her, adding to her glory in the depth of our debasement. In the consolidation of the exchequers did we, when we needed it, experience the munificence of the empire. No! Need I offer, or do my statements require,

proof. Oh! ladies and gentlemen, fellow-countrymen and women, to you I need not adduce proof, but this a hard realistic age, and I ask you to bear with me if, to satisfy those who are not of our race, I bring forward proofs. Open the public accounts and the statute book of England, and there you will find that I am sheltered in my assertions behind an impregnable wall of facts. At the time of the Union the Irish debt amounted to £25,293,679. In 1801 the Irish funded debt was £27,793,975. Great Britain's debt was £488,205,923. It was provided at the time, that all debts contracted previously should be separately defrayed, and that for twenty years after the contributions of Ireland and Great Britain should be in the proportion of 2 to 15, towards the expenditure of the United Kingdom. It was also agreed that all debts contracted afterwards should be jointly borne in the same proportion. This arrangement might have worked well, but a proviso was put in by Castlereagh, which was to the effect that if Ireland's debt ever rose to one-seventh of England's, then both would be united and each pay share and share alike. Now it must be remembered that in 1793, the National debt of Ireland did not amount to £3,000,000. How, it may be asked, did Ireland's debt increase from 1793 to 1801, a term of less than eight years, almost £25,000,000 of money. It increased, my friends, to such an alarming extent because in order to carry the Union England poured 126,000 soldiers into Ireland to provoke a revolution by their outrages, and Ireland had to pay for every man of them. It increased, because the owner of every rotten pocket-borough was paid by England's order out of Ireland's purse to carry the Union. It increased because all the expense of murdering the Irish in '98 who were driven into rebellion was charged to Ireland. In a period of 16 years after the Union England's debt was nearly doubled owing to the efforts made by England to subdue gallant France. To beat that France, the nation which, according to Mr. Smith, "has always shown signs of inherent weakness," England had to subsidize the armies of all the nations in Europe. In the same period, owing to the English system of book-keeping, Ireland's debt was quadrupled. The object was to increase the weaker nation's debt until it would come within the provisions of Castlereagh's agreement. And thus, my friends, in the year 1817, they effected the consolidation of the exchequers, making Ireland, poor and outraged Ireland, pay interest on the debt contracted by England prior to the Union. Mr. Smith says that Englishmen of to-day are not responsible for anything except from the year of Catholic Emancipation.

The passage of the Emancipation Bill occurred in 1829. The year 1843 is, Mr. Smith will no doubt graciously admit, later than 1829. In that year the funded debt of the United Kingdom was £774,859,379. Taking the increase of the debt from the time of the Union as £286,653,456, and the proportion of Ireland's debt would be £33,723,936. Add the debt which existed at the time of the Union and you will have £61,516,911. The interest on this sum would be £2,153,091. Notwithstanding this in an account published in 1853 we find that Ireland is charged with £4,175,458. For all this financial robbery William Pitt is directly responsible, and Pitt, is Mr. Smith's hero, was, according to the Professor, a patriot English statesman. The Professor, carried away by an excess of bigotry, declares that the Catholic Church being "opposed to science" is responsible more than England for the lack of civilization and intelligence in Ireland. He adds, as reported in the *Globe*, "The Government of England *had* always been looking for Roman Catholic men of science but had failed to find them." While denying this latter assertion in general terms, I call for proofs of his assertion. Upon another occasion and through another medium I shall deal with this portion of the Professor's collection of aberrations on the Irish Question. But how, I ask, can any man come upon a public platform, and say the English Government was not responsible for the limit of education in Ireland? How can any man say the Catholic Church in Ireland has been and is at fault in this matter? Did the English Government forbid the erection or endowment of Catholic colleges and schools? Did the English Government forbid the education of any Catholic unless he conformed to, and attended, Protestant worship? Did the English Government forbid, under pain of transportation or death, any teacher imparting the knowledge he possessed to Irish children? Does the English Government still refuse to do justice to the overwhelming Catholic majority in Ireland in this matter of education? The statute book of England proclaims the fact that England is directly responsible for the want of educational progress in Ireland, and the Professor must have imagined that the bigotry of his audience would blind their eyes to the truth, as under the presidency of a gentleman who styles himself a minister of the God of Truth, he, Mr. Smith, denied the responsability of the English Government and falsely charged the Catholic Church in Ireland with fettering the educational advance of the people.

Open the Statute book of England and the records of the times and there see if the glowing promises of Pitt have

not been falsified. From that Statute book and from those records I read a justification of Ireland's irréconcilability and an unanswerable proof of the folly of those who would look to an alien legislature for justice. In 1801 they imposed an Insurrection Act. In 1803 they immolated Emmet upon the scaffold, and with the blood which had escaped the dogs in Thomas street they wrote a decree of martial law for the country. In 1807 they renewed the Insurrection Act, keeping it in force until 1824, while in 1819 the wails of a famine stricken peasantry called to Heaven for vengeance. In 1829, while under the fear of civil war, they granted Emancipation but at the same time they disfranchised the forty shilling freeholders. This latter act led to a stoppage of leases and thereby to evictions. In 1836 they told us we were aliens in language, blood, and religion. In 1839 we claimed equal franchise, and the liberal (?) Whigs refused us, although it was the balance of power held by the Irish members of Parliament that won the Reform Bill for the English people. In 1843 the English minister declared that concession had reached its limit, and O'Connell was indicted. In 1844, trial by jury in Ireland was, in the language of England's lawlords, made a mockery, a delusion and a snare, and the people's Tribune slept in a prison. In 1846 they passed a Coercion Bill. In 1847,—oh God how the Irish heart bleeds when that year is mentioned. In that fatal year our people died by the waysides and the putrid bodies of mens women and children gave forth pestilential gases to show the nations that with England we were on the march! "In those periods of distress which await all nations you will experience the munificence of the Empire,' said Pitt. What was the munificence of the Empire then? They first sent over a man to experiment on making soup, and when driven by a world's horror they sent a moity to relieve the starving people, it was maintly given to white-chokered hypocrites for distribution, to people who would callously allow the hungry victim to die, unless, preferring earth to Heaven, the child of St. Patrick was ready to abjure his God. In 1848 our young chiefs, men whose genius in a free land would have fructified a hundred fold; men whose genius would have rendered them the leaders in science, art, statesmanship, oratory, authorship in any country blessed with freedom, these men were doomed to the scaffold, and English felon ships carried from Ireland her brains, power, eloquence and worth. From 1849 to 1859 we endured an exodus which would kill the energies of any people save the Irish. During that sorrowful decade, those people who according to Mr. Smith, are only responsible

since 1829, gloated over Ireland's misfortunes. They cried "That the Celts were gone with a vengeance." The *Times*, England's foremost journal, in self-satisfaction, exclaimed, that "in short time a Catholic Celt will be as rare in Ireland as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan." Spenser, even Spenser, in the 16th century, turned in horror from the picture of Ireland's desolation. But in the 19th century, during the period of English responsibility according to the Professor, the *Saturday Review* exultingly declared that "silence reigns over the vast solitude of Ireland." Then we were favored with another batch of state trials. In 1860 the poor of Connaught starved. In 1865 they destroyed the liberty of the press, and from that year until 1867 hundreds of faithful Irishmen were immured in dungeons. I have said that in former years England used the scaffold for political purposes, and that she was not wanting at the present time in readiness to resort to the same means. But five years have passed since that sorrowful truth received a bloody affirmation. In the cold land of the stranger. on a drear November morning in 1867, three gallant souls went away to the spirit land. Hundreds of English bayonets surrounded them. One was in the flower of youth, another was in the bloom of manhood, and a loving wife and dear children were wont to greet the third. Upon the scaffold they stood, with Eternity before them, and Time fleeing like the passing of a dream. They turned their eyes west-ward, and through the misty shadows they saw their mother Erin watching them. And then, with a prayer for the dear old home, flowing like a stream of freedom from their lips, they fell from England's gibbet. The coarse English multitude yelled; English thirst for blood was momentarily satisfied. In the crisp air of the wintry morning, the bodies of the Irish martyrs swayed to and fro. But England did not see what Ireland then saw. The rude multitude heard not then what Ireland heard. England did not see the angels of Freedom's God bearing the souls of the Martyred Three to Heaven! The English multitude heard not the seraphic choirs singing their prayer, "God save Ireland."

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I have asserted that England's government in Ireland is not a legitimate one. Does this record, not gleaned from doubtful history, but rather a panorama of facts which has passed before the eyes of this generation, fail to prove my assertion. I trow not. A Government to be legitimate must be just, must be one administered in the best interests of a people, must be one which excites the love and regard of a people. English rule

in Ireland is not just; it is not administered in the best interests of the country, and instead of love and regard, it receives, as it merits, the hatred and contempt of the Irish people. Have we prospered as Mr. Pitt predicted? History answers no. Have we with a consolidated exchequer experience "the munificence of the Empire." 1847 answers no. Scull and Skibbereen say no. The emigrant ships say no! The bones which track the exodus from Ireland and which blanch beneath the Atlantic say no! The fever-sheds and grave-pits at Grosse Isle say no! The orphans of '47 thrown parentless upon a strange shore say no! The poor woman, once the mistress of a goodly farm, but who now subsists by peddling apples at the street-corners, says no! The badly-employed mechanic in Ireland says no! The exile answers with a heart-spoken no! We have not prospered. The mines of wealth which our country possesses have not been developed. Our coal-beds are closed; our fisheries are frowned upon; and so far no State has bent in recognition of our power, admiring our wisdom and envying our wealth!

When disposed to be facetious, the English call us their Irish fellow-citizens. We are not and never can become their fellow-citizens. In Ireland the people cannot carry arms; and a policeman can arrest whom he pleases. In England the subject is not unarmed and at arbitrary police disposal. In Ireland the Lord Lieutenant can suppress any newspaper after warning. In England the press is free, and even gross personal attacks upon the Sovereign and royal family are allowed. In Ireland several of the counties are under the Peace Preservation Act. In England the right of Habeas Corpus is respected. In Ireland men are sent to prison without any specific charge; and some of the English journalists have recommended the abolition of trial by jury in Ireland altogether. In England every man when charged with an offence is brought before his peers. In Ireland where the vast majority of the people profess one faith, full and equal religious rights are not accorded them; and although the London *Spectator* says that all creeds are equal before the law, still the regular clergy in Ireland exist only at the pleasure of the Government. Their presence there in fact is not presumed, is not legal; and their property, if they possess any, can be confiscated at any moment. This, ladies and gentlemen, is my impeachment of the British Government in Ireland. I have not given my individual opinion. I have but stated stubborn facts; upon them I rely, for like the oak they can brave the storm and stand, though the howling winds of hate and prejudice may rage around.

In bringing before your notice these facts I am not actuated by a desire to stir up bad blood. But the question of Ireland is assuming a world-wide feature. It is no longer confined to the agitator's room or the conspirator's garret. Ireland is England's weakness. The statesmen of the world know it, and men like Froude and Goldwin Smith, the apologists of England, know it too. There was once a great man in Ireland who did not labor to dismember the Empire; but he wish to see his country in possession of at least her native parliament. That man was Daniel O'Connell. And he it was who said "There was never a crime of any kind committed anywhere that was not exceeded in the conduct of the English Government towards Ireland." Another great man, Dean Swift said, "The cause of a kingdom's thriving is her being governed only by laws made with her own consent; for otherwise her people are not free. And therefore all appeals for justice, or application for favor or preferment, to another country, are so many grievous impoverishments." Heavy indeed are the impoverishments that Ireland suffers from. Her best talent can only find remuneration in foreign lands; and the talent that would change this state of affairs, is by England, either hanged or banished if true, or purchased, for based ends, if purchaseable. The right of Ireland to national life is unquestionable. England's statesmen have repeatedly declared that every people have a right to choose the form of government which they deem best. The most moderate of Ireland's national demands is the right to make its laws, and possess the same rights as Canadians. Acts and arrangements which occurred in the reigns of Henry II, Henry III, Henry IV, and other English Sovereigns prove how ancient is what is called the prescriptive right of Ireland to parliamentary rights. Of that parliament the Irish people were deprived by base means. Their leading lawyers, headed by none other than Attorney-General Saurin, have declared the act of union to be illegal. The millions of the Irish race have protested yearly against it. Therefore I hold that whether we accept the principle laid down by English statesmen, namely, the right of a people to choose their own form of government, or view the question through the speculum of prescriptive right, there is established such a claim that ancient or modern history fails to show another which demands such attention, and which in itself contains so many elements of right.

It is idle to disguise the fact that with nothing less than Legislative Independence will the Irish people be satisfied. Goldwin Smith admits that comprehensive land-

laws and the Disestablishment Bill were regarded as revolutionary by many Englishmen. So was every measure, which whether it was ameliorative or not, matters little, but which as an amelioration was proposed. Each measure, of a so-called ameliorative character was said to be the last concession, and to be the panacea forall Ireland's grievances. Yet England has been forced, I used the word forced advisedly, to give up, one after another, of her many clutches upon the Irish people. Englishmen who term themselves "liberal" told us that the Disestablishment Act would settle all our woes; and that we would be foolish to continue an agitation for anything more. Their high notion of that Act, and their impertinence in calling us foolish because we look for more, remind me of a story I once heard in Ireland. A fool was travelling on a country road, and looking over a fence near a farm house he saw a goose egg. Being larger than the eggs he generally saw he deemed it quite a prize worth securing. He sprang across the fence, took the egg and getting into a convenient hiding place he proceeded to swallow it. Now he was not aware that the egg had nearly been hatched. However he put it in his mouth, which was very large, and just as he had it nearly down, the little gosling within gave forth "queak queak," but finishing it, the fool exclaimed; "it is all up with you, you're too late." And the remedial measures of *liberal*, so-called liberal Englishmen are too late, because they were never early. The Irish people are not prepared to rest satisfied, foolish though they may be termed, until from every hill and crag floats their national banner, that banner which conquered with Brian at Clontarf, and which trembled in the effulgence of glory upon the ensanguined field of Fontenoy.

We want not to injure a single hair of an Englishman's head. It is with the Government, not the people, we war. We are not only willing but anxious to be good friends and neighbors of the English people; but we shall not submit to be their subjects. Centuried experience has shown the futility of expecting that the two separate and distinct peoples can ever amalgamate. The same experience teaches that there can never be peace until the Irish people stand free and independent, upon a footing equal to the English people. And those who pretend to the contrary prove themselves the merest tyroes that ever rendered foolish the stage of public affairs.

Have we the Irish people, have we, then after declaring, after showing our fixed resolve, have we, I ask, the energies, the means to end this centuried dispute, to redeem our coun-

try ? I answer we have. Ireland has clung to her traditions of national greatness, to her hopes of future national glory at worse times than the present. When her cause was to all appearance hopeless, she still retained hope ; and now that the clouds are breaking, now when the first beams, dim though they be, of Freedom's sunlight are obscuring the star of English rule in Ireland, we must go to a happy and successful termination. Our forces are increasing while those of our opponents are diminishing. The people in Ireland are alive to the greatness of their mission, to the grandeur of their destiny. They are alive in the United States, where, thanks to God, faction is disappearing. In Australia a new voice calls upon the Irish, there enjoying legislative independance, to give their meed towards the national struggle ; and confident am I that here in Canada, where we also enjoy the blessings of Home Rule, we shall add our blast to the chorus of freedom's clarions.

But apart from ourselves, we look to England and there we see an awakening which astonishes us. A demand for greater liberty is heard there which touches us to the quick. The millions, the toiling millions are aroused, and from a thousand throats is heard the cry that the Executive and legislators are not the masters but the servants of the State. All over the world the masses are arising, and in the very citadels of despotism is proclaimed the glorious truth that " The People is King "

America was appealed to by an apologist for England, and America, through her press, and by the mouth of Wendell Philips, has given her verdict for Ireland. I ask of those who themselves possess legislative rights in Canade to give a similar verdict. I ask it, because although I deny the right of either the United States or Canada to assume the position of arbiters in the question, still I know that the moral sympathy of either or both will go far in bringing about a solution of the difficulty. I deny what seems to be a prevailing notion amongst a large portion of the citizens of this Dominion, that to be loyal to England you must hate, and refuse all justice to Ireland. That " the subject who is truly loyal to the Chief Magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures" is a received maxim. And I hold, that the subject who is truly loyal in one portion of the Empire, will protest against the infliction of arbitrary measures upon the people of another portion. More than that, I hold that the subject who is truly loyal, will hasten to advise the Chief Magistrate to remove the grievances of, and prevent the infliction of arbitrary measures upon, a people, who are, whether fortu-

nately or not let others say within the area of the British Empire.

As for us, Irishmen, I believe that we should avail ourselves of all the opportunities which may arise, and argument and organization are the methods by which in this Dominion we may render service to the land of our birth, or of our fathers. One organized argument is worth a hundred disunited efforts. I may be asked in what manner ought the friends of Irish freedom to organize and manifest their friendship. That question is a difficult one to answer, but still I believe that the difficulty is not insuperable. Organize in Temperance socities for instance, because the higher you carry the standard of Irish morality abroad the more likely are you to win good opinions for your cause at home. Organize in Benevolent Societies, in National Societies, in Literary and Debating Clubs. Your Benevolent Societies can help a suffering brother, bridge him over his difficulties, and thereby enable him in independence to be of practical use to his country and fellow-country-men. Your National Societies should contain every Irish citizen, because they are themselves an affirmation of the idea that Ireland is a nation. Your Literary and Debating Clubs should be encouraged, because therein the talent of your sons shall be developed, knowledge diffused, and "knowledge is power." In fine I hold that it is the duty of every Irishman to keep out of power, as far as in him lies, the man who is an enemy of Ireland. These are a few of the means by which the Irish in Canada can render help to the Mother country. Without hostile feelings to our neighbors we can do this, and do it openly, for our cause, being just, needs not the refuge of Dark-lanterns. In this way we may be of essential service to dear old Ireland.

You have had now all that I think necessary to advance in justification of Ireland and in explanation of her position. I seek not the style of the enthusiast, nor do I build phantom castles which as they arise before me, are as suddenly annihilated. But I have faith in my country's regeneration; and I trust to time and better feeling for that merciful oblivion which shall cause the Irish and English peoples to be friends. Still nothing shall come from us. Restitution is due to Ireland, and it is the same to us whether within or without the British Constution we receive it. Restitution we shall have or justice lives not; and to hasten its accomplishment is the duty of the Irish all over the world. Shame upon us, Irishmen in Canada, if we hold our hands from the plough. Shall we alone of all Ireland's sons not aspire to be

the children of a free nation! Shall we resign the immortal privileges of freemen and look with cheeks not tinged with shame upon our country a-begging at every gate? Shall we with material enough to feast rich as Dives be contented with the crumbs which fall from the world's table, and die to be clasped — our poverty and debasement together — not in the bosom of the Israelite but to be smitten by the hand of the Ishmaelite? Shall we kiss the hand that strikes, honor the chain that binds, glory in our servitude, and thank Providence for our misfortunes?

The spirits of the heroic dead await your answer; shall it be loyal and slavish, legal and corrupt or shall Sedition breathe its fire upon every sentence ennobling the Truth even as it consumes it No, such will not be the answer. Ireland, thou askest the question of Irishmen in Canada! I shall answer for them. We will not be ingrates to thee! We shall aspire to be children of a free nation, and the immortal privileges of freemen we shall conserve! The hand that strikes thee shall not be kissed by us; the chain that binds thee shall not be honored by us; your servitude will not be our glory. Fellow-countrymen, is not that your answer, or do I interpret aright your wishes? Yes. Not in loyal and slavish, legal and corrupt fears; not in wild schemes or reckless efforts, but with manliness and prudence, bound together by bonds of brotherly love, we shall march as our motherland advances: faithful to our adopted country, true unto the old; faithful to the old love, not resigning it for the new!

And for my native land I see a future bright and happy. I see the joy when the banned Green shall wave over Ireland's senate, and I hear the cheers as in gladsome array the exiles return and defile before the monument of Grattan's genius to be welcomed home by the first minister of the Irish Nation I hear the booming cannon announcing Ireland's resurrection. I see happiness diffused abroad; trade and commerce pouring in upon her people. I see the sanctuaries crowded as the Ministers of God, with swelling chorus, chant hymns of thanksgiving! I see Ireland's ships upon the ocean bearing to foreign lands the riches of her soil and looms. The rippling streams sing to me of freedom and the choristers of the grove make merry as all nature proclaims that Ireland is free. The breezes through our tall trees sound upon my ear as the sweetnesses of a thousand harps! I hail this Ireland of the future! Not the Ireland of tears, but the Ireland of joy! Not the Ireland with a dreary catalogue of blood and wrong, but the Ireland of peace, happiness and contentment! I hail this Ireland, and as the nations greet her, their long-lost but restored

sister, as they welcome her, saying "*Esto perpetua.*" I exclaim, "Thou art all beautiful, thou art now my country. what the poet has sung of thee, what the patriot has hoped for thee, what I have pictured thee in my dreams.

ERIN SLANTHAGAL GO BRAGH.

THE RED HAND OF ULSTER,

OR

HUGH O'NEILL'S LIFE AND STRUGGLES.

(Delivered in the St. Patrick's Catholic and Literary Institute, Quebec, Dec. 1871.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

A nation's character is written in the public acts of its prominent men. A nation's history is an epitome of their deeds; and be they good or be they evil they are stamped indelibly upon its record and are in an undying manner associated with its name. If the nation reposes beneath the blessed influences of good, true liberty the names of her sons most eminent for deeds of statesmanship, virtue, art, the development of commerce, the advancement of systems which shall confer, or which may tend to confer, the greatest good upon the greatest number form a sun to heat its growing powers, and by the light of their genius they become the guides of the people at large. If at any time the nation has been in the gloom of oppression, in the darkness of bondage, such of her children as dared to raise aloft the banner of freedom, as dared to mark out for themselves the path of regenerators become the prophets of their compatriots; and whether they succeed in their glorious task or are doomed in their own persons to bear in a tenfold degree the woes and sorrow of their country, still in victory or in defeat are they dearly remembered. The name of Tell associates to us ideas of Switzerland; the Tyrol is immortalized in Hofer; England honors her Alfreds, her Edwards, her Richards, and wherever her flag floats there linger the memories of her Drake, her Nelson. Peter connects us with Russia; Ferdinand binds us to Spain and while Charlemagne recalls the olden glories of France the deeds of her Napoleon

have made their impress upon modern times. In the vanished years, which seem to us now as mere scratches upon the sands of time, there comes before us a panorama of names linking us to the various fatherlands which claim their origin. Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes and Alexander tell us of Greece in her palmy days. Regulus, Cicero, Cato and Cesar remind us of the hour when the eagles of Rome flew in the pride of triumph and majesty of power over the then known world; when Paganism had reached the zenith of its supremacy; when Passion was sung by Anacreon and Thought found its poetic expression in Virgil. The story of modern Rome is told in the lives of the Pontiffs and the very essence of American freedom lives in the acts of Washington, Franklin and Henry. Ireland too is bound to us by ties of name. She also has been a prolific mother of great men. In the record of war she tells of her Brian and Sarsfield. In the annals of literature she points to Scotus Erigena, Virgilius, Prout and Carleton. Her sighs she sweetly expresses in Moore and manfully gives utterance to her hopes in Davis. Her fragile form she drapes with the eloquence of O'Connell, Curran and Sheil. Her longings wild and passionate for liberty find exponents in Fitzgerald, Tone, Emmet and Mitchell; and with all the unreserved passion of a fond mistress for a devoted lover, she embraces the name and fame of him who loved her as almost none other loved; her faithful knight, whose magical recital of her wrongs made even her oppressors weep, the while, they deprecated the hour, when first started athwart the political horizon of Ireland, the brilliant meteoric genius of the brave, the genial, the gifted but unfortunate Thomas Francis Meagher. And there is one whose name is deeply engraven upon her heart; one whose woof of life was spun by Fate and by it destined to be interwoven in the thread which binds us, Irishmen of to day, with our people of the past. He was of a kingly race; noble in deportment and in action; chivalric with the chivalry of a Bayard; one reared in the stranger's court and destined by the foreigner to be of the false whose path to fame would be directed by the lurid lights of treason to Heaven and to Country: one taught by Saxon intriguers all of the vileness of Saxon intrigue so that when manhood would dawn upon him, versed in treachery, nurtured in fraud and developed in apostacy he might become a thorn wherewith to prick to death his already suffering country, and add to her many woes the anguish of beholding a degenerate scion of the Red Right Hand. It is of this child of the Northern hills I have come here to speak: it is of this son of Ulster I will tell and

if in the telling anger mingles with regret and honest pride in a manly past rebukes present degradation, do not forget that by the failure of his efforts untold woes fell upon our unhappy country ; that in his fall was consummated the triumph of wrong, the defeat of right, the supremacy of foreign guile and the sad, too sad, spectacle of a nation fighting for land and life, for freedom of conscience, for " happy homes and altars free " bereft of her then last hope and consigned to centuries of gloom, ages of despair, poverty and ignorance.

Not to evoke, even if I could, bitter memories do I approach this task. We cannot recall the past of Ireland. It is written too plainly in letters of blood ; and our only duty at present is to speak the truth as we find it in the hope that we may derive suitable lessons from the bloody catechism of the past, lessons of practical benefit to our country and race.

It is not requisite that we should tell in detail the state of Ireland prior to the reign of Henry VIII, so that a comprehensive understanding of Ireland's and O'Neill's position may be arrived at. More than 200 years had been gathered into the domain of eternity since Edward Bruce aiding the Northern Irish had destroyed every vestige of foreign rule in Ulster. The few Anglo-Norman families which had remained had intermarried with the Irish, wore *coolun* and *cronmeal*, submitted to Brehon laws and were to all intents and purposes Irish. Still the Pale with all its anomalies remained, and acts were passed in Dublin and Kilkenny forbidding friendly intercourse with the Irish enemy. In the Irish country such acts were of little avail, but a new element was then to be introduced into Ireland. Although the power of England did not then obtain generally in Ireland still she was not a nation as of old. No national council like the *Feas Tamra* made laws for Ireland. The link or rather the crowning of the Irish edifice in the person of the *Ard-Righ* was wanting to concentrate the powers of the people. Frequently Anglo-Irish chiefs formed alliances with native chieftains against the English. Often, too often Irish chiefs took sides with him who ought to have been regarded as the common enemy, and so when the wave of the *Reformation* swept over Europe, and was embraced by Henry in his lusts of women and power no common front was presented by the chiefs of Ireland, and it entered to divide and cripple the energies of all, directed in its bloody course by an unscrupulous King and his unscrupulous ministers. In 1545 Henry had himself declared King of Ireland by the Parliament of the Pale, and in the same year, an O'Neil — The O'Neill — submitted himself as a

liegeman to England's King, renounced the royal title of O'Neill, "in comparison of which, says Camden, the very title of Cesar is contemptible in Ireland," took upon himself the title of Earl of Tyrone, was adorned by Henry with a gold chain, was styled by him his "beloved cousin" and returned to Ireland "richly plated." Then it was that there appeared in Greenwich one Matthew O'Neill, son of Con, who was greeted in English halls as the Baron of Dungannon, a style which he lived to rue, and this Matthew was father to the Great Hugh whose name is a shibboleth in Ireland, and whose deeds for Erin are engraven upon every true Irish heart. Notwithstanding the assumption of Saxon titles by Con, the cause of the reformers made no progress in Ulster. If the O'Neill had been content to accept "Letters Patent" from Henry, he was not willing to admit King-created Bishops and Sheriffs. On the first rumor of their approach, he led his troops southward, burned Atherdee and Navan, and from the historic hill of Tarah, he warned off the nobles of the Pale from the frontiers of Ulster. Yet the clansmen liked not to be governed by a chieftain bearing the barbarous Saxon title of Earl and the praises of the bards, and the hopes of the people were heaped upon and were centered in his son Shane, who unversed in Saxon heraldry cared not for Saxon titles and swore that let his father deck himself as he may in Saxon feathers, let Matthew flutter his Saxon ribbons as Baron of Dungannon in Ulster or at Greenwich, yet he holding the very title of Cesar as contemptible in comparison with O'Neill, he will be The O'Neill. For this the *Cinel-Eoghain* loved the impetuous boy, and for this there was, as there ought to have been, war in Ulster, and for this Matthew fell, and Con repented his foreign homaging and Shane was invested with the white wand upon the sacred stone at Tullagh-Oge. Then young Hugh was taken by the English to be reared, an Irishmen with an English heart, of which alas! we have too many to-day. It were long to tell of the wars of Shane, of his proud ride through London, of how he cleared off the base foreign churls whenever they sought footing amidst the dark-grey mountains of the North, and how by treachery the English procured the murder of the proud chief. In his stead the *Cinel-Eoghain* elected Turlough, and to divide the house of Tyrone against itself, Hugh O'Neill by his father's right was recognized by Elizabeth as Baron of Dungannon.

Well the crafty Hugh knew the intent of England's Queen. Well he knew that he was to be the instrument of deceit to his Kindred; but he dissembled the angry feeling which

swept over his soul ; he bided his time, for in Saxon halls, he learned that Ireland was to be finally conquered by guile instead of force, and he resolved to turn the knowledge which they had given him against themselves. During all this time the civil aspect of affairs in the North remained unchanged. No sheriffs had as yet penetrated the soil whereon had Nial of the Hostages chased the wild deer and Shane just as eagerly had chased the Saxon Nobles ; Turlough was still "The O'Neill" and Hugh of Dungannon contrary to foreign hopes had done homage to the Chief of his clan. Shortly after however Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, projected an extensive plantation of Ulster. Twelve hundred troops were to be maintained and fortifications built at the joint expense of Elizabeth and Essex : each horseman was to have four hundred acres and each footman two hundred of Irish land. The foreign armament set sail, landed at Carrickfergus and was met and defeated in several skirmishes by the united clans of O'Neill, for again contrary to foreign expectation Hugh joined his Kindred and so neither "profit nor protestantism" (Mr. Mitchell) succeeded then in Ulster. In the South a new war was breaking out. It was a war of religion. The Geraldines understood not the cant of the reformers and British civilizers. It appeared to them that broad lands were more welcome to the new-corners than souls; and they refused point-blank to resign the one or to imperil the other. The councillors of Elizabeth saw that Saxon civilization and religion could make small way in Munster untill the Geraldines were reduced and therefore, in the year 1567, while Gerald, Earl of Desmond, and his brother John, were on a peaceful visit at the court of England they were seized and duly committed to the Tower. After some years of confinement there, they were sent as State prisoners to Dublin Castle from whence in 1574 they found an opportunity to escape, and by hard riding they reached Munster, whither the Palesmen did not deem it advisable to follow them. About four years then transpired before Desmond raised the standard of revolt during which time he had, against his very Kindred, fought for the foreigner, and therefore it appears not very unaccountable, but rather painful to find, that when he in sober earnest uplifted the Catholic banner Hugh ONeill commanded a body of queen's cavalry, and unfortunately for Ireland assisted in crushing the great Earl of Desmond. Hugh may not then have conceived the grand idea of a united Ireland, or he may have imagined that the time was not come, and that it was necessary for him to prove his gratitude to Elizabeth for his foreign title

and so cause her to forgive his alliance with his Kindred against Essex, but, be that as it may, the destruction of the princely Geraldines was a sore day for Ireland. We may well conceive that when afterwards at Mellifont the Northern hero bent the knee before Mountjoy he regretted the hour when he fleshed his sword in Elizabeth's service among the heath-clad hills and verdant vales of Munster.

During the Geraldine wars, the Antrim Scots had grown powerful and as Turlough was now old and weak, they aspired to be the masters of Ulster. This did not suit Hugh, and accordingly, in the year 1584, he succeeded in procuring the services of the English powers to subdue them. In this he was successful, and as of old, the O'Neill appeared as the greatest chief of Ulster. For two years O'Neill then devoted himself to the strengthening of his cause in the North, winning the fealty of the *Cinel-Eoghain* and yet growing in favor of Elizabeth. With pleasure he sustained the dual character of English Baron and Irish chieftain. His time was passed either in Greenwich or Dungannon, and in 1587 we find him in London soliciting the Queen that he might be admitted to the honors and estates of Earl of Tyr Owen under the "Letters-Patent" granted to his grandfather Con. To gain the ear of Elizabeth, it was always necessary "to feign love and desire towards her," (the virgin Queen) to address her in the language of passion, and O'Neill with a tongue that "dropt manna" well knew how to flatter her. Warmly he solicited the strict enforcement of the law against the assumption of the pestilent name of the O'Neill; the pa[illegible] was issued and Hugh returned to Ireland a belted Earl [illegible]lding from Elizabeth "lands which were not hers to grant and a title which his soul abhorred." But there were some stipulations in this favor of Elizabeth. Hugh was to maintain six companies of troops for Her Majesty, to keep the peace and to protect English Sheriffs and all the rest of the Saxon following in Ulster. Well did Hugh maintain and drill them. The six companies were frequently changed untill every man of Tirowen had learned the art of war, and then Dungannon house needed roofing and ship-loads of lead enough to clothe the sides of Cairntocher were imported — only of course for roofing purposes. The feuds of rival chiefs were being healed, and those whose lands he had wasted for England he won over to himself. Contrary to expectations again he harboured popish priests, and the kidnapping of the Red Hugh O'Donnell proved to all who were slow in coming to his designs that in steady preparation for an united effort, that in organization alone lay any hopes of being able

to hold their own. And again in quiet contempt of foreign agreement he prevails on the clans to call for Turlough's abdication, and on the stone of Royalty at Tullaghoge where the proud Shane had stood, he is inaugurated as "The O'Neill," and amidst the Ollamhs and bards and clansmen of Tirowen he swears "to preserve all the auncient former customs of the country inviolable," and so he, late Baron of Dungannon and Earl of Tyrone, by foreign favor, becomes the O'Neill—a "title in comparison of which even that of Cesar is contemptible in Ireland." Then he gave earnest of his future devotion by advising all chieftains to interdict English Sheriffs, and by liberal entertainment of Spanish mariners shipwrecked on northern coasts by whom he sent letters to the Court of Spain explaining the state of Ireland.

Years rolled on, each one blackened by deeds of English rapine and murder, all of which were but driving the O'Neill to assume the *rôle* of Ireland's leader in war for Faith and Home. MacMahon, of Monaghan, had foolishly courted the English alliance and had admitted Sheriffs, and they hung him. This also influenced the North, but the issue was fairly raised when after four years of dreary confinement in Birmingham Tower, Red Hugh, the hope of Tirconnel, escaped. Glad indeed was the welcome given by Hugh of the O'Neils to Hugh of the O'Donnels. In the halls of Dungannon they told each their many wrongs and their many hopes. The courteous O'Neil listened with swelling heart as the impetuous youth told of his base kidnapping and his cruel imprisonment. Hugh Roe burned as he heard of the murder of MacMahon, and of the efforts which had been made to introduce Sheriffs and other new-fangled, barbarous English institutions into Ulster. But oh! what joy as the stern clan Conal welcomed back their young chief "the sworn foe of the Pale." Their festal halls were opened and the bards recounted olden glories and predicted future greatnesses, but little time for festivity had they for Bingham relying on the irresolution of old O'Donnell and not aware of Hugh's return, sent 200 men by sea from Connaught to Donegal where they surprised the Franciscan Monastery and garrisoned it for the Queen. The fiery Hugh could ill endure to hear of Sa: on upon the soil of Tyrconnel, so he collected the people, led them to Donegal and commanded the English to be take themselves elsewhere which they then thought proper to do. They left behind all their spoil, and the good Franciscans returned "to their home, gave thanks to God and prayed for Hugh O'Donnell." The young chief did not cease in this good work. With the pertinacity of a sleuth-hound, he followed the foe, rooting

them out of Ulster. O'Neill saw this with concern, for he thought the time had not come, but come it had, when O'Donnell was in the North with the fire of hate raging within him, and the remembrance of Dublin Castle with its grim towers and chains rankling in his heart. Policy the O'Donnell had none and, again contrary to speculations, O'Neil did not employ his six companies to crush this pestilent Irishman. The crisis came and the foreigner sought to entrap O'Neil, but he defeated them and craft met craft until peace could be maintained no longer.

The great Northern confederacy now spanned the land and help was expected from Spain. The eyes of all were turned upon him and "at last says Mitchell" the time had come and Dungannon with stern joy beheld unfurled the royal standard of O'Neill displaying as it floated proudly on the breeze that terrible Red Right Hand upon its snowy folds waving defiance to the Saxon Queen, dawning like a new aurora upon the awakened children of Heremon." O'Neill then attacked Portmore and drove away its garrison. Advancing into O'Reilly's country he cleared the English who fled southward before the onset of this Northern storm. O'Donnel crossed the Saimer, burst into Connaught, shut up Bingham in his strong places, traversed the country with fire and sword and ravished the territory of all who were favorable to be stranger. Everywhere the English were defeated and they sought to gain time by opening communication with the conquering chiefs. The conditions of peace demanded by O'Neill were freedom of conscience; that no English officials should be intruded upon the Irish people and the payment by Bagnal of 1000 pounds of silver as a mariage portion with the lady (Bagnal's sister) whom he had raised to the dignity of an O'Neill's bride. These conditions were considered reasonable, but the confederates were asked to lay down their arms, to beg pardon, and to discover their foreign correspondence. With due scorn the victorious chiefs regarded the English proposals: the Red Right Hand was again flung to the breeze and upon the Sword and it alone was Ireland's destiny placed. Early in June Bagnal took the field with a strong force and effecting a junction with Norrys made good his march from Dundalk to Armagh. Not far from Monaghan is Clontibret — the Lawn of the Spring. How O'Neil did his *devoir* for Ireland there, I deem it best to tell in the language of Mr. Mitchell:

"The Castle of Monaghan, which had been taken by Con O'Neill was now once more in the hands of the enemy, and

once more was besieged by the Irish troops. Norreys with his whole force was in full march to relieve it; and O'Neill, who had hitherto avoided pitched battles, and contented himself with harassing the enemy by continual skirmishes in their march through the woods and bogs, now resolved to meet this redoubtable general fairly in the open field. He chose his ground at Clontibret about five miles from Monaghan where a small stream runs northward through a vally enclosed by low hills. On the left bank of this stream the Irish in battle array awaited the approach of Norreys. We have no account of the numbers on each side. But when the English general came up, he thought himself strong enough to force a passage. Twice the English infantry tried to make good their way over the river, and twice were beaten back, their gallant leader each time charging at their head and being the last to retire. The general and his brother, Sir Thomas, were both wounded in these conflicts, and the Irish counted the victory won when a chosen body of English horse, led on by Segrave, a Meathian officer, of gigantic bone and height spurred fiercely across the river and charged the cavalry of Tyrowen commanded by their prince in person. Segrave singled out O'Neill, and the two leaders laid lance in rest for deadly combat, while the troops on each side lowered their weapons and held their breath awaiting the shock in silence. The warriors met and the lance of each was splintered on the other's corselet, but Segrave again dashed his horse against the chief, flung his giant frame upon his enemy and endeavored to unhorse him by the mere weight of his gauntletted hand. O'Neill grasped him in his arms, and the combatants rolled together in that fatal embrace to the ground: —

> "Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own
> "No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

There was one moment's deadly wrestle and a death-grown; the shortened sword of O'Neill was buried in the Englishman's groin beneath his mail. Then from the Irish ranks arose such a wild shout of triumph as those hills had never echoed before; — the still thunder-cloud burst into a tempest — those equestrian statues become as winged demons, and with their battle cry of *Lamh-dearg-aboo*, and their long lances poised in eastern fashion, above their heads, down swept the chivalry of Tyrowen upon the astonished ranks of the Saxon. The banner of St. George wavered and went down before that furious charge. The English turned their bridle-reins and fled headlong over the stream, leaving the field covered with their dead, and worse than all, leaving with the Irish

that proud red-cross banner, the first of its disgraces in those Ulster wars. Norreys hastily retreated southwards, and the Castle of Monaghan was yielded to the Irish."

The two following years were spent in active struggles, varied by many efforts at negociation. Tyrrel's Pass and Portmore were added to the triumphs which encircled with glory the National cause, but it was at *Beal-an-atha-buie* that the English met their most signal defeat. There the Red Hand flashed proudly and bloodily over the banner of St. George. The splendid army of the Pale was destroyed. Twelve thousand pieces of gold, thirty-four standards and all the artillery were taken. Three thousand English troops lay dead upon the field; and the sun of O'Neill arose like Mars, brilliant and bloody over his vanquished foes.

Ulster was now free. The hated flag emblematic of blood had been torn from its high places, and its defenders had paid with their lives the cost of adherence to it. But Ulster was not all Ireland, and so long as that foreign flag waved upon any portion of Irish soil the work of O'Neill was incomplete. Even as the Northern Confederacy had driven England's troopers from Ulster's hills and lowlands, so a National Confederacy, thought Hugh, would drive them from the Island altogether. In a heavy trance of hopelessness and helplessness the South had lain while the North was all ablaze with the chivalry of war. Divided and therefore crippled, she could not aid, even if she would, the Northern chiefs in a manner at once bold and effective. The Upas roots of Normanism had struck deeply into the soil of gallant Munster, the olden home of Ireland's invincible soldiers, the mother of the Dalcassian's. Still, conquered, desolate, almost heart broken, Munster felt the electric thrill of hope as the fame of O'Neill reached her. She send messengers to Hugh entreating him to appoint lieutenants to take charge of the cause there. Partly through policy, partly through due recognition of one noble exception among the descendants of the Normans in Ireland, Hugh detached the gallant Tyrrel of Fertullah and with him sent Owen O'Moore to raise aloft the national banner in Munster. They were enthusiastically received. The Catholic Anglo-Irish lords with few exceptions joined the movement, for the destruction of the power of the Geraldine had enabled a medley crew of new undertakers to plant themselves in Munster; and these new undertakers being reformers, were distasteful to such of the Catholic Anglo-Irish lords as preferred their souls to their castles. The Knight of Glyn and the White Knight, Fitzmaurice, Baron

of Lixnaw, the Knight of Kerry, Dermod and Donogh MacCarthy, the O'Donohue's, Roche, Viscount Fermoy, beside the O'Sullivans, O'Driscolls, O'Donovans and O'Mahonys, all in the same cause but with different motives. The Lord President had to draw in every outpost and abandon all Munster except the garrison towns of Cork and Kilmallock.

By the beginning of 1599 "no English force was able to keep the field throughout all Ireland" O'Neil was now supreme. He exercised what are called the prerogatives of Royalty, issued commissions, conferred titles and "omitted no means of strengthening the league." He renewed his intercourse with Spain, planted, permanently, bodies of troops on the Foyle, Erne and Blackwater; engaged the services of some additional Scots from the Western Isles, improved the discipline of his own troops and on every side made preparations to renew the conflict with his powerful enemy, for he well knew that Elisabeth was not the monarch to quit her deadly gripe" of Ireland, "without a more terrible struggle than had yet been endured." Soon that struggle commenced. England was then one of the most powerful nations in Europe. Her Sovereign was one of the ablest that had ever sat upon her throne. Statesmen, philosophers and soldiers whose names now are of European history surrounded her, all the power of this great nation with its crafty ruler and able statesmen and experienced generals was about to enter into one combined naval and military expedition against the almost reconstituted, but necessaryly as yet weak, Irish nation. Under the circumstances the result which I shall have to tell could not have been otherwise. Our country upon this occasion had challenged England when she was at peace as it has been her misfortune to do upon more than one occasion. England accepted the challenge but then as now for our one man she pitted two and in opposition to our honesty she wielded craft and gold. Elizabeth's favorite, the unfortunate Essex was despatched to Ireland with an army of twenty thousand men: "an army not only the greatest England had put into the field for centuries but in equipment in drill and in armament the most complete ever assembled under her standard." Against this army Ireland had nowhere ten thousand men concentrated; of sieging material she had none and in equipment greatly inferior to the force which England had sent to crush her. Still we are told that "O'Neill and his confederates were not dismayed by the arrival of his great army and its magnificent leader." In a few words the story can be told of the campaign of 1599. O'Neill completely overawed, outgeneralled

and defeated the haughty deputy. In more than one engagement his magnificient army was routed by the Irish. In vain were reinforcements sent from England. In vain Elisabeth wrote stinging letters to Essex. Upon the diplomatic field he received from O'Neill a still greater defeat than could be inflicted upon him on the field of battle. Baffled by the Celtic Chieftain, maddened by the reproaches of the Queen he returned to London, were instead of being received with the slightest favor he was thrown into the Tower from whence he marched to the block; and as his head rolled from his shoulders, the spectre of that terrible Red Right Hand appeared before his starting, glazing eyeballs. High hope there was then for Ireland, but it was not written in the Book that in that time Ireland was to win back her independance.

In this memorable epoch of Irish history we find two great actors whose names are deservedly cursed in Ireland — Mountjoy, the new lord deputy, and the lord president of Munster.—When the foul fiend inspired the English Court to appoint these two men to conduct affairs, then Ireland's cause was doomed. Immense resources were placed at their command; new levies, new armies were placed at then disposal. But Carew and Mountjoy were of themselves a host; of themselves were worth all that England could give them. They were subtle, cunning, without scruple, soulless, cruel, brutal and of indomitable energy. Norris and Bagnal and Clifford were gallant soldiers, men, that we can respect for bravery, although we may detest the service in which they were employed. Essex was a lordly courtier and vain, more fitted for lady's *boudoir* than for camp and fatigue. Not by the address of the courtier nor by the skill of the soldier did Mountjoy and Carew seek to subjugate Ireland. The wile of the serpent was their's. Where Bagnal and Norreys tried the sword, they tried deceits, corruption and temptation in every shape. Letters were forged, and placed so as that some one of the confederates would find them, in which treachery was promised, and so distrust crept in where confidence had been. The Earl Desmond was betrayed by O'Conor into whose hand Carew managed to have placed a letter purporting to have been written by Desmond in which he promised to betray O'Conor. The instinct of self preservation prevailed and to save himself O'Conor sought the foreign alliance. Thus were the arts of the serpent successful until one by one the confederates fell away. The preservation and free exercise of religion had been the chief bond of the Anglo-Irish lords who had joined O'Neill, and the laws

against the Catholic religion were relaxed and in fancied security the priests came out again. These Anglo-Irish then with some few exceptions ceased to do battle for Ireland. Worse than all a Queen's O'Neill and a Queen's O'Donnell appeared upon the scene to introduce dissention into gallant Ulster. In any one province the English had now a greater force than the whole national army, and when gold and fraud had virtually destroyed the confederacy then Mountjoy took the field against the glorious two, O'Donnell and O'Neill, who fought the stranger with the desperation of despair. "Back to back" they struggled against overwhelming odds and still up to September 1601 the English gained but little actual success. In that eventful month came the exciting news that a powerful auxiliary force had landed at Kinsale, sent by Spain. The Anglo-Irish lords were startled, as they learned the fact during their sitting at Kilkenny. All their available forces were immediately concentrated. A powerful fleet was sent round to blockade Kinsale and their hasty efforts proved they believed that upon the defeat of the Spanish auxiliaries hung the destinies of English rule in Ireland. But the auxiliaries were a ruin to the Irish cause. Instead of landing at Ulster where the English had no material footing they landed in Munster, which was then the strong ground of the English party. Then again the expedition was commanded by a man, Don Juan d'Aquila, against whom charges of treachery or cowardice can be made. Carew evidently tampered either with his honor or his good sense. Don Juan agreed that if within a given time no Irish army appeared for his relief that he would treat with Carew. If then, it would result in probable disaster for O'Neill to proceed to the South it was certain ruin for him to refuse. O'Donnell with his usual ardor was first on the way. Their troops were thinned and wasted, but Ireland appealed to their feelings and although little hope there was to escape the armies of occupation in Munster they boldly undertook the task. In Munster three chieftains alone held out despite all odds, O'Sullivan Beare, O'Driscoll and O'Connor Kerry. It were long to tell of the many deeds of valor performed by the intrepid chieftains. It were long to tell also how in the face of O'Neill's superior judgment the Spaniard insisted upon the Irish attacking the English camp, when he could have defeated them by besieging them as they lay. The battle was fought and lost for Ireland. O'Donnell took shipping for Spain to lay before the King the true state of affairs. O'Sullivan agreed to hold his castle of Dunboy against the enemy. Rory O'Donnell became

Tyrconnel's chieftain and O'Neill returned to Ulster to make the best defence in his power.

The gallant Red Hugh O'Donnell never saw Ireland more. At Simancas, two leagues from Valladolid, on the 10th of September, 1602, he died of a broken heart. "He was buried by order of the King with royal honors as befitted a prince of the Kinel Conal, and the chapter of the Cathedral of St. Francis in the stately City of Valladolid holds the bones of as noble a chief and as stout a warrior as ever bore the wand of chieftaincy or led a clan to battle." In the following year finding all efforts fruitless, and bleeding with anxiety for his poor people O'Neill came to terms. Singularly favorable they were to him and his people. He and they were to enjoy the full and free exercise of their religion; complete amnesty for the past; restored in blood: reinstated in his dignity as Earl of Tyrone. Singularly favorable conditions, but were theyto be fulfilled. Was it simply to prevent O'Neill from assuming the title of The O'Neill; was it simply to introduce sheriffs and other English institutions into Ulster a mighty war had been waged. It were absurd to think so. No twas the broad lands of the Irish clans that were wanted. It was the rich pastures of Ulster that were needed by English undertakers. Were these conditions to be fulfilled. Of course not, and so they hatched a conspiracy, like the Titus Oates plot, which forced the chiefs to fly, weary exiles from foreign persecution. A noble company of fifty in all set sail. "With gloomy looks and sad forebodings the clansmen of Tyrconnell gazed upon that fated ship built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark, as she dropped down Lough Swilly and was hidden behind the cliffs of Fanadland. They never saw Ireland more." On their arrival in France England demanded them as rebels but *Henry quatre* refused to give them up. In every court in Europe as they they passed on their way to Rome they were treated with honor and respect. The holy pontiff, Pius the fifth, regarding them as confessors of the faith, assigned to each of them a liberal provision, and with kingly generosity the ruler of Spain acted in a similar manner.

One by one they drooped, these illustrious exiles, far from their own loved Ireland. Rory O'Donnell died in July 1608. His brother Caffar died the following September. Hugh O'Neill, son of the O'Neill died about a year after, and thus the great Hugh saw himself losing one by one his tried and his true. To deepen his gloom he became totally blind and thus he tottered to the grave. On the 20th of July 1616 the Red Hand withered. On that eventful day died the greatest man of

those who have at any time attempted to free Ireland. On that day he passed to

——— where souls are free
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss

We pause! What is that wild wail which cometh from every land in Europe? Ah, the news has spread abroad, and Ireland's exiles weep, and Ireland bows her shattered form, and grief seizes her heart because her O'Neill is dead. What she cries "Has my prince, my proud one of the race Nial, the flower of my chivalry, the oak around which I was entwined, has he my own Hugh gone and left not one of his race to defend me?" And deeper is her sorrow, when she is told, that one there had been—his son Henry, but that the English have procured his murder at Brussels. Speechless agony is hers then; she surrenders her beautiful limbs to her jailor's chains; and for many long and weary years not a hand is uplifted to strike down her tyrant.

Pause we now! We are in Rome the City of the Soul, the Common Asylum of all Catholics. We are in the Holy Place where misfortune is soothed, and where the God of Right is worshipped instead of the Idol of Success. We tread upon holy soil; around us are varied monuments of interest and of greatness. Here the princes of the church, the first Pope and Paul, his brother apostle have labored; and whether we look upon earth or sky we find suggestions and remembrances. But we are of Irish blood, and to us there is one spot dearer above all things. On the Hill of the Janiculum we stand. In the church of the Franciscans we pause. There it is that the great Hugh sleeps, beside the last resting place of the Tyrconnell chiefs. Above that grave let us think, above that grave let us pray. "In the calm evening when the sunbeams slant upon the stones, the Fathers of St Francis often see some figure prostrate upon that tomb, which as often they find wetted by the tears of the mourner. Then they know that some exiled child of Ireland has sought and found the spot made sacred and holy for him and all his nation by ten thousand memories of mingled grief and glory."

We too may weep but let our tears be those of men. What is the great aim which should animate us as we read of Ireland in the past. We should be animated by the desire to profit by the lessons which are taught to us in the historic page. In the life of him whose name I have labored to honor, I learn the lesson of patriotism. I learn that to be equal in honor to him I must despise as he did foreign arts and

cling to my country closer and closer even as her enemies environ her the more. I know that the issue is practically changed. Milesian Ireland has vanished, but Ireland still remains. The blood of the Norman, Dane, Saxon and Celt are mingled together now, and one and all alike proclaim their devotion to the dear old land. Mitchell I respect as much as O'Brien; and the Cymric Davis is as dear to me as the Celt O'Connell, but whether it be towards Milesian Ireland or not I see my duty to my country in the life of Hugh O'Neill. That duty I conceive to be to build up, if possible, a new Irish Nation. And again I learn there a lesson, which it were well for all to study. As I see that his noble efforts were lost by disunion, and also as I learn that every great effort in which he was successful was won by union, so I perceive that the necessity of Ireland to day is union, and not only a union in Ireland but a confederation of the Irish race all over the world for Native land. From Antrim's cliffs to the Cove of Cork; from Old Dunleary to Achill Isles the manhood of Ireland demand Home Rule. From his grave in historic Rome the great O'Neill calls upon us all to labor in that behalf. True it is that the arbiter is changed. We look more to the force of public opinion now than to the sword, although we are far from the millenium and a bright blade is good at times. But if the arbiter is changed so are the circumstances. Seas used to divide countries, steam and electricity have mastered the difficulty and unite them. We are far from Ireland but we can be of service to her. She is worthy to receive from us the first homage of our hearts. Her name is venerated by the holy for she has been the Martyr Isle. Her name is cherished by all who love beauty for Ireland is the Beautiful Isle. Her name is told in records of chivalry for she has been the Warlike Isle. She is the land of Song and of Hospitality. Her sons are brave and her daughters are fair. She is now laboring to shake off the incubus of foreign domination, and shall we her children, the sons of sires, whose fathers bled for liberty from Vinegar Hill to Clontibret, by Avonmore and Shannon, shall we in tame acquiescence of things that are neglect to avail ourselves of the opportunities to do good for our Motherland. There are men I feel confident, good and true here, who will in honesty of purpose keep the Red Right Hand from desecration; and who shall, accepting the change of circumstances, work, at least, in what is term a constitutional manner to aid our brethern in Ireland to win back the rights for which Hugh fought, of which they were basely deprived, and which shall assuredly be theirs at no distant day. May the Great Dis-

penser of all things look upon our long suffering country with favorable eyes, and may the intent of that prayer first uttered in the heart of England be speedily realized, that prayer which has become the rallying cry of the nation :

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